





## The Epworth League.

### New England District.

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### THE PRESIDENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE anniversary of the crucifixion of our Lord is at hand. How shall we keep it? Shall we keep it at all? There are those who in their aversion to forms and ceremonies will have nothing to do with the observance of any day or week even in memory of so vital a fact as the revelation of God's love in the passion and death of our Lord. There is wisdom in this attitude if the rite is forced upon one, or if its observance is given a saving force. But there need be none of this false religion of form in the keeping of Passion Week and Easter. On the contrary, it may be used as a season of special helpfulness by the simplest disciple. We keep the birthdays of our loved ones? Do we hush our souls to reverent meditation as the days come around that call to mind their going from the heavenly home? Why should we not then, keep the anniversary of our Saviour's agony and death, and the victory? I think we will do our souls good if now for a little while, as these days so softly by, we reflect upon His temptations, "the dark betrayal night," the bitterness and gloom of Calvary, and the comforting revelations of the morning hour in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea.

Shall we keep Holy Week? Yes, The Christmas period may be uncertain, some scholars deciding for midsummer rather than December as the season of the Advent; but this period of the Cross is fixed within very narrow possibilities of fluctuation at this season of the year when the winter passes away and the spring comes. We know that now we are coming to the yearly return of the days in which He faced the powers of darkness and suffered for us, "the just for the unjust." Let us all, then, think upon these things.

How shall we keep these hallowed days? Read over again the Gospel narratives of the days in the temple, the nights at Bethany, the arrest, the trial, the seeming triumph of the powers of evil, and the transporting tidings of the Easter morning. Take more time than usual to turn these readings over in your mind and fit them to the events of your own life and examine yourself. Are you thus doing God's will, though it causes you suffering? Are you facing your crosses thus manfully? Are you, as He was, confident in God? Again, are you giving due estimate to that Gospel that cost our Saviour so much? Is it the pearl of great price to you? Are you rejoicing in God your Saviour? If you add to these examinations prayer, frequent prayer, expectant prayer, you will find your hearts drawn out to Him by this keeping of the memory of His death, and your life will be richer and stronger and more helpful to others from these days of special communion with Him.

WILLIAM INGRAHAM HAVEN.

### AN OPEN DOOR FOR METHODISM.

REV. FREDERICK BURLILL GRAVES.

20 DELEGATES, clerical and lay, composed the first Conference of the Independent Methodist Church held in New York thirty years ago. At this Conference two ministers were ordained, one of whom was Rev. Henry Morgan. At their ordination, though the doctrines of Methodism were recognized, it was understood that their churches, as all other churches represented at this Conference, were to be independent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and recognize no bishops or presiding elders. But the movement failed, and the fact that an Independent Methodist Church was ever seriously contemplated, is almost forgotten.

I do not say this to depreciate, in any way, the good name and just fame of Henry Morgan. I remember him well. I introduced him on one occasion to an audience as the author of "Ned Nevins, the Newsboy," a pathetic story which had touched my boyish heart. He was indeed the preacher to the poor and the friend of the prisoner. When he died, he bequeathed the property in trust to the Boston Fraternity of Churches, on condition that Morgan Chapel should be supplied by a reputable minister in the New England Conference. And this came to pass.

Morgan Chapel,

or, perhaps, rather the spot on which it stands, in the very centre of the city and adjacent to a mission constituency, is the open door for Methodism and helpful mission work. Will she enter that door?

Even a rapid survey of the work that is now being done there under the leadership of Rev. E. F. King will, aside from other considerations which might be mentioned, sufficiently demonstrate this. Walking down Shawmut Avenue on Sunday morning, one will notice, just before reaching the Little brick chapel, knots of men standing on the edge of the sidewalks or leaning over the railroad bridge. Almost all of them have their hands thrust into their pockets nearly to the

elbows—for the sweeping March wind is biting cold—and many of them are smoking well-browned T. D. pipes. Altogether, as one looks at them, they seem a cheerful crowd. It is now scarcely nine o'clock, and the Hollands at the crystal windows of the warm and sumptuous chambers of the rich are still drawn; but these poor, shivering creatures are waiting for the doors of the chapel to open, whither they have been summoned by a general invitation, to partake of

### A Free Breakfast

of corned-beef sandwiches and coffee. And glad enough are most of them to get even that, while the liquor-dealer, whose victims most of them are, is still sweetly sleeping in his elegant bed, to arise at high noon and find the well-laden table awaiting him. So runs the machine of human greed and human misery.

Look at these men, with wan, pinched, unshaven faces; unclothed, disheveled hair; ragged, dirty clothes; shoes so full of holes that they must have been the target of some Gatling gun, and hats rusty and faded. Here is the anarchist in embryo, with sullen face, low forehead, and his hair pushed up in a mass from the temples. Occasionally in the line, as they file into the chapel, a very young man can be seen, with clear, bright eyes, fairly good clothes, and a face over which misery's shadow has just begun to lengthen. He is only half-way down the incline which is bottomless in its downward course. He'll get there, unless some open-hearted, charitable, Christian mission like Morgan Chapel can switch him off. And they are not all ignorant immigrants, the floating flotsam which the Old World tides have swept up on our shores. Here is a young man who is a graduate of the Brimmer School. He had a wife and child. He drank. They left him. Here is a poor, discouraged, broken-hearted man, making a brave struggle. I see several men who have recently been converted, and are surely on the up-grade, though it is like climbing Mount Washington on the railway, a slow and seemingly endless toil. But they are full of hope, courage and faith, and feel in their hearts that "My God is sufficient for thee."

"I was one of the worst of men," says one of them to me, the lowest down. "I was a drunken bum; that's plain, friend. I went into the Kneecap and Mission on last Christmas afternoon, and with the purpose of being helped, of being saved if I could. I had more money then than I've got now, but I did not have then what I have now, bless the Lord! I was drunk when I went into the Mission, but I haven't touched a drop since then, and I mean to go on and get something better. Friend, I should say from my experience that all of these men are here on account of drink."

The breakfast is provided and served by the

### Young People

connected with the various churches. It is a pleasant sight to see these Christian young people doing such work as this. Surely there is in it the spirit of the Master. I was particularly attracted by a beautiful girl, with a handsome face and large blue eyes, her flaxen hair flowing in waving tresses down upon her shoulders. She has on a simple Scotch plaid dress, and wherever she goes among the men she carries sunshine. She is connected with Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale's church, whose young people have charge on this Sabbath. Just as "Keep close the Perishing" is being sung, this noble Christian minister and brilliant writer enters at a side door, removes his hat and coat and goes into the chapel, moving among the men as they eat. He says to me, in that marvelous, rich voice of his, "I think it is on the right line. Tom Beecher used to say he could not get people to come to his church without it, he would give them a quarter to come. Indeed, I think a quite serious paper might be written on the customs of the early church, for it is evident that the members of the church at that time did something of this kind." And with what tact, good sense, and ingenious adaptability, does he utter these few words to the men when they have gathered in the church above and have finished singing these wonderfully pathetic words—

"Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!

Oh, for grace to trust Him more!"

"Now I know," said Dr. Hale, "that no man of you has come here with a selfish motive, with the idea of getting into heaven alone. We want to get along one after the other. If we could only get this together notion, we can be done with the devils in this world. Jesus Christ never came into this world to get one man only into the kingdom of heaven. He meant that the meanest cuss should get in as well as Pharaoh on his throne. I am very glad to see so many men of the Sixteenth Ward here this morning. Is there any man here who was in the army? Thirty years ago we knew what it meant to stand shoulder to shoulder, to have elbows touch. I want to say that all of us must stand together; and yet I want to say that there are two devils against this—the big devil is drink, and the little devil is debt. These are the devils we want to get out of this Ward."

At the morning service, to which 370 of the 380 who came to the breakfast remain, Rev. E. F. King preaches a tender, sympathetic, and inspiring discourse upon the dignity of man and the love of God. At its close four men come forward and kneel at the altar in contrition and with a manifest desire to lead a better life. Here is a pertinent query: Are there not more of our Epworth Leagues that can go down to Morgan Chapel some Sunday, and furnish and serve the breakfast? Or can they not inaugurate some such work in their own

church or vicinity? "Look Up, Lift Up"—remember that; and these men need to be lifted up just high enough to get their eyes and hands on the Cross.

### WHERE TO LOOK.

"Look up, and not down!" Do you not see how the tree-top? Rejoices in sunshine denied to its root? And bear how the lark, gazing skyward, is flooding The world with his song, while the ground bird is mute? "Look out, and not in!" See the sap rushing outward? In leaf, bud and blossom all winter it lay imprisoned, while earth wore a white dissolution; Now Nature is glad with the beauty of May.

"Look forward, not back!" 'Tis the chant of creation, The chime of the seasons as onward they roll; 'Tis the pulse of the world, 'tis the hope of the age, 'Tis the voice of our God in the depths of the soul.

"Lend a hand!" Like the sun that turns night into morning, The moon that gives storm-driven sailors to land, Ah! life were worth living, with this for a reward, For the cheering influence of good conversation; and even have recourse to diversions, in order to relax at the same time the mind with the body, according to our need.

—Alice Freeman Palmer.

### MY SIDE BOOK-SHELF.

ST. BOTOLPH.

THERE have been in the history of the church few more eminent ministers. If any, than the Abbé Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai in the days of Louis XIV. of France. He was a man of cultivation both in intellect and manners, for some time the tutor of the grandson of the king, and intimately associated with the life at Court. He was also equally at home with the poor and humble, a man of whom it has been written, "He never sought to be cleverer than those with whom he conversed; who brought him self insensibly to their level, putting them at their ease, and entraining them so, that one could neither leave him, nor mistrust him, nor help seeking him again." His duties brought upon him a considerable correspondence, which he conducted with an eye single to the glory of God. From this correspondence, and from his other writings, classics in their way, a selection of choice passages has been made and published in a little volume in the "Wisdom Series," by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. To these selections a brief memoir has been added which covers the outlines of the saintly life from his birth in 1651 to his death in 1715.

It is good to have this book near at hand for the leisure moment, and there could be no better companion for our meditations in this season of the year when our hearts are keeping in reverent thoughtfulness the anniversary of the Passion of our Lord.

TO BEAR AFFRONTS WITH HUMILITY AND IN SILENCE.

Do not be angry about what people say; let them talk, while you try to do God's will. As to the will of men, you could never come to an end of satisfying it, nor is it worth the trouble. A little silence, peace, and union with God ought to comfort you for all that men may say unjustly.

UPON CARRYING THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER INTO ALL OUR ACTIONS.

Do not be discouraged at your faults; bear with yourself in correcting them, as you would with your neighbor. Lay aside this ardent of mind which exhausts your body, and leads you to commit errors. Accustom yourself gradually to carry your life into all your daily occupations. Speak, act, work in peace, as if you were in prayer, as indeed you ought to be.

Do everything without eagerness, in the spirit of grace. As soon as you perceive your natural impetuosity gliding in, retire quietly within, where is the kingdom of God. Listen only to the leadings of grace, then say and do nothing but what the Holy Spirit shall put in your heart. You will find that you will be more tranquil, that your words will be fewer and more effectual, and that, with less effort, you will accomplish more good.

HOW TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH OTHERS.

In order to be satisfied even with the best people, we need to be content with little and to bear a great deal. Even the most perfect people have many imperfections; we ourselves have as great defects. Our faults combined with those of others, make a mutual toleration a difficult matter; but we can only "fulfill the law of Christ" by bearing one another's burdens. There must be a mutual, loving forbearance. Frequent silence, habitual recollection, prayer, self-detachment, giving up all critical tendencies, faithfulness in putting aside all the idle imaginations of a jealous, fastidious self-love—all these will go far to maintain peace and union. How many troubles would be avoided by this simplicity! Happy is he who neither listens to himself nor to the idle talk of others.

Be content to lead a simple life where God has placed you. Be obedient, bear your little daily crosses; you need them, and God gives them to you only out of pure mercy.

THE WILL MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE FEELINGS.

Feeling does not depend on yourself, and love does not depend upon feeling. Your will depends on yourself, and that is what God requires of you. Of course, action must follow upon the will, but often God does not require great things of us. To regulate your household, keep your affairs in good order, bring up your children, bear your crosses, dispense with the empty pleasures of the world, indulge your pride in nothing, repress your natural haughtiness, strive to become simple, frank, lowly, to be silent, recollected, given to the life which is hid with Christ in God—these are the works which please God.

GENTLENESS AND HUMILITY.

Your remedy for wandering thoughts and want of fervor will be to set apart regular seasons for reading and prayer; to mix your self in outward matters only when it is necessary; to attend more to softening the harshness of your judgment, to restraining your temper, and humbling your mind, than to upholding your opinion even when it is right; and, finally, to humble yourself whenever you find that an undue warmth concerning the affairs of others has led you to forget your supreme interest, Eternity. "Learn of Me," Jesus Christ says to you, "for I am meek and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Be sure that grace, inward peace, and the blessing of the Holy Spirit will be with you, if you maintain

gentleness and humility amid all your external perplexities.

PATIENCE WITH THE INFIRMITIES OF OTHERS.

I am very sorry for all the disappointment you have met with. One must accustom one's self to look for little from men; it is the only way to avoid disappointment. One must take that which they are able to give, as we take from a tree the fruit it bears, though indeed some trees bear nothing but leaves and caterpillars. God bestows on us, and is not even repulsed by their resistance; we ought to imitate this loving patience, this merciful forbearance. It is only imperfection which is intolerant of what is imperfect; the more one has advanced toward perfection, the more patiently and quietly he will bear with, though not foster, the imperfections of others.

ON DEPRESSION.

With regard to a certain depression which weighs down and dispirits the heart, there are two things which seem to me important. The first is to relieve this sadness by the means furnished us by Providence; for example, not to overload ourselves with difficult affairs, but to husband the strength, not only of the body, but of the mind also, by not taking upon ourselves matters in which we should count more upon our own courage; to give ourselves hours for prayer, for reading, for the cheering influence of good conversation; and even have recourse to diversions, in order to relax at the same time the mind with the body, according to our need.

The second rule is to bear in peace all the involuntary impressions of sadness which we suffer, notwithstanding the helps and precautions I have just mentioned.

ON THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

Because others are weak, should we be less careful to give them due respect? You, who complain so much of what others make you suffer, do you think that you cause others no pain? You, who are so annoyed at your neighbor's defects, do you imagine that you are perfect? How astonished you would be if those whom you call at should make all the comments that they might upon you. Does it never come into your mind to fear lest God should demand of you why you had not exercised toward your brother a little of that mercy which He who is your Master so abundantly bestows upon you?

ON THE RIGHT EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

Time is precious, but we do not comprehend all its value; we shall know it only when it will no longer be of any advantage to us. Our friends make demands upon it, as if it were nothing, and we bestow it as we know not what to do with it.

Our whole life belongs to God, as well as our whole heart; neither is too much to give Him. He has bestowed them upon us only that we may love and serve Him; let us keep back nothing from Him. We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word, an annoyance, a wrong received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer; and we do not lose time if we bear its loss with gentleness and patience, provided the loss was inevitable, and was not caused by our own fault.

These spend your days, redeeming the time; give up vain amusements, useless correspondences, those vain occupations of the heart that are only modifications of self-love, and conversations that dissipate the mind and lead to no good. Thus you will find time to serve God; and there is none well employed that is not devoted to Him.

### Red Tape.

One of our ingenious pastors, Rev. J. W. Deane, has arranged and carried out successfully a rather unique festival in his church at Rollinsdale, Mass. The plan is an answer to the oft repeated question, "What can we do that will be interesting at our social gatherings, and yet suited to refined fellowship?" The whole affair is in its details very formal. Regular passports, sealed and tied up, are issued as tickets, and they serve also as program, an annoyance, a wrong received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer; and we do not lose time if we bear its loss with gentleness and patience, provided the loss was inevitable, and was not caused by our own fault.

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Farage, the artist, a taste and talent which have done much to bring about his success. From Newport, his native place, he attended the Institute of Technology for three years following 1879. He was and for many years in the office of H. H. Richardson, the designer of Trinity Church in Boston. The influence of Mr. Richardson is plainly discernible in the designs submitted by Messrs. Heins and La Farge for the cathedral competition. A profound study of European models, Italian, Spanish and French, is shown in these powerful drawings. There is at the same time a very full and connected system of symbolism pervading the structure, and there can be no doubt that the building of the great church has been placed by the trustees in the hands of men fully competent for the task."

### FRESH FROM THE FIELD.

REV. F. N. UPHAM

Boston, Mass., Epworth Square. — The League arranged for and held a Demorest Silver Medal Contest in the church, Feb. 15.

Malden, Mass., Centre Church. — The League has opened an Epworth Chapel at Oak Grove, a part of the city where no religious services are held. On Sunday, Feb. 28, a start was made. It is now being carried on very successfully, a good-sized Sunday-school having been gathered. Mr. Wayne Walpole, the president, says: "You see we are not hibernating." That's so!

Worcester, Mass., Dorset St. — Haven Chapel, a farewell reception, March 15, to Dr. J. O. Knowlton, recently returned from a "Conquest Social." Cake and cocoa were served, and each member received a pretty souvenir. Miss Nellie M. Knowlton, the pastor's daughter, was presented with an elegant Oxford Terrier's Bible suitably engraved. The reception was given at the home of Mrs. H. N. Hastings.

Newburyport, Mass., Washington St. — The League here is active. The Mercy and Help societies have held a meeting at school on Ring's Island, and also a meeting at the Old Ladies' Home.

Crecent Beach, Mass. — This League has already 20 members.

Thomaston, Me. — The League has suffered greatly by the removal of some of its members to other places. Its membership is small but active. A recent meeting had 10 present, with interesting exercises. The League unites with the Baptist and Congregational young people in a union service every other Sunday evening. Some are attending now who have not done so heretofore. The League is raising money for a church carpet.

Norwich, Conn. — The League here replaces over several general conversions.

Rev. O. W. Scott, the pastor, is thoroughly in earnest to help his young people. God bless him and them!

Lynn, Mass., Boston St. — At the regular Sunday evening meeting of Crowell Chapter a memorial service was held for the late Loranus Crowell, in whose honor the chapter was named. Several of Dr. Crowell's favorite hymns were sung, and as he was the first pastor of the church, the text read at the meeting was the same that he preached from at his first service. Remarks were made by Mrs. John Aborn and James W. Ingalls, two of the first members of the church, and also by the pastor, Rev. E. R. Thorndike. The League has obtained a beautiful picture of Dr. Crowell, which was placed on the wall of the League room. May there be many an Epworthian who will leave such a record as this dear brother in Christ!

Plymouth, N. H. — Among a large class of persons recently admitted to the church from probation, there were 11 members of the League, and 5 others of the League were baptized. During the Conference year there have been 18 members of the League baptized. The devotional meetings are large and excellent, hardly a week passing that some member of the League does not become interested in religion. Rev. J. M. Durrell, president of the League, recently lectured before the League on "Success and How to Attain It"—a plain, practical and valuable address, which will do all young people good to bear.

Marblehead, Mass. — This League will soon have one of the very handsomest banners we have yet seen. A beautiful picture of the Epworth rectory is to be painted on heavy white silk.

Lynn, Mass., St. Paul's. — Early in the autumn the Entertainment committee met to discuss ways and means to increase the efficiency of the League, and to bring the young people of the church into closer alliance.

The result was a reception to the young people of the church and congregation. Special committees were appointed for decorations and refreshments. One gentleman of the church kindly consented to furnish draperies for the doors and windows. A member of the League volunteered to loan all the tables and chairs desired. The committee thought best to furnish seating capacity for the entire company, fearing it might have a tendency to make the gathering less social. From the different homes were brought rugs, piano lamps, pictures, easels, screens and other articles. Ushers were at the door to receive the people. A desk was placed near the entrance, and each was invited to register and receive a souvenir. If strangers, they were introduced to other members of the League, whose duty was to see that they were made to feel at home. Refreshments were served free of charge. Five young people of the League were chosen to furnish continuous entertainment at the piano, except at intervals when a special program of reading and singing was introduced. The event proved a great success, both in social ability and numbers, there being three hundred present; but, better still, it proved a great harvest of souls. Out of the forty new members secured at that meeting, thirty became Christians during the revival services which followed shortly after the reception.

Another entertainment planned is as follows: Two members of the League are to read selections from Stanley's works, and to give a description of his travels, tracing them on a map which they have prepared for that purpose.

### Beautiful Epworth Pins.

Mr. Justin A. Margot, 3263 Washington St., Jamaica Plain, Mass., makes two very elegant Epworth gold pins. One is a very small Maltese cross, suitable for scarf or neck; the other is a pretty monogram, E. L., with a tiny cross. He is an enthusiastic League himself, and our young people will do well to consult him.

Bishop Hurst speaks at the great Epworth meeting of the New England Conference, Tuesday evening, April 5, at Winthrop St. Church, Boston Highlands.

A Model Report from a Wide-Awake League.

We intend the report of the Phoenix (R. I.) League to the fourth quarterly conference, in full, because of its real worth. It will repay careful reading of it.

"The fiscal year for the church and the Epworth League has nearly ended. For our League the year has been a very prosperous

one. Two years ago we held our meetings in a small room of the vestry, with an attendance of six, or perhaps ten. This year we have been obliged to move into the largest room of the vestry, since the membership has increased to nearly 100, with an average attendance of 75. A part of this attendance is made up of outsiders, who come because of the interest in the exercises.

It has always been our custom to vary the Sunday evening services. The first Sunday in each month has been from the commencement devoted to the prayer-meeting, and this meeting is admirably sustained, having a large attendance and keen interest. The third Sunday of each month has been taken by the pastor, and some of our most interesting exercises have been conducted upon these evenings. At present our pastor is giving a series of talks upon the sovereignty of Europe and their religious influence upon that people; giving to us a broader Christian view of the world. Last third Sunday, for instance, his topic was, "The Cross of Russia," and after his talk a collection was taken for the starving people of that famine-stricken land. The second and fourth Sundays are at present devoted to Bible history, the play of study having been arranged by the Literary committee. Old testament characters are chosen, and the program is arranged and in charge of some member of the League. A great deal of work has been expended upon these programs. The fifth Sunday is devoted to temperance, and is in charge of the Mercy and Help committee.

Besides our regular Sunday meetings, we have, also, a literary and social meeting on the third Monday evening of each month. Our Literary committee has arranged a course of reading in American history.

As an Epworth Chapter has been formed, and is under the efficient instruction of Mr. John M. Nye, who kindly gives an hour to the members each week, only Epworth League members having this privilege.

A Junior League of over 50 members is in active operation, holding its meetings Tuesday afternoon, and is under the active leadership of Mr. W. F. O'Neil, who has been introduced by the pastor by which the members of the Junior League attend the morning preaching service in a body; the board of stewards having given to the League certain pews which are known as the Junior League pews.

The recent improvements in our church vestry are due in part to the members of our League, who assumed the payment of \$50 toward this end. The larger part of this has been paid by voluntary offerings.

Lynn District Convention.

First Church, Malden, held a happy and enthusiastic company of Epworthians, Wednesday afternoon and evening, March 2. Although the day was one of the stormiest of the winter, 19 delegates from more than a hundred delegates in the afternoon, which number was largely increased in the evening. These delegates represented over 1,800 League members. Rev. W. F. O'Neil, of Buffalo, N. Y., conducted the devotional exercises. "Oward, Christian Soldiers," rang out with old time Methodist fervor and unison. Mr. Whipple, president of the Malden Chapter, No. 204, graciously welcomed the visiting delegates. To this address Mr. H. S. Thompson, district president, responded fittingly.

Coming to the papers, Rev. H. B. Swartz, of Newburyport, was the first essayist. His theme was, "Christian Work," which he declared to be fundamental, as it blessed all other efforts, was creative, and was eternal in its results. Mr. John Eliot Bowman, of Chelsea, Chapter 612, treated the topic, "Literary Work," in a suggestive and original way. Miss Lizzie S. Lock, of Lynn, Chapter 621, spoke of "Entertainment" in a fascinating, pertinent and very suggestive manner. Rev. W. L. Haven brought the greetings of all New England, urging specially upon us blamelessness and fervor—two virtues beautifully symbolized in our banner. Rev. O. W. Hutchinson and Mrs. Goodwin, of Belmont Church, Malden, spoke of Junior work. They are specialists in this department, and so spoke with authority.

The collation was ample and finely served. The vestries were elaborately decorated for the occasion.

A genuine love-feast opened the evening's exercises, conducted by Rev. C. E. Davis, of Melrose. Rev. W. P. O'Neil delivered a thrilling address on "The Mission of the League." Each League on the district was requested to send to the treasurer a sum amounting to one cent per member, in order to meet necessary expenses. Lynn Chapter Chapter is to entertain the convention in May.

The Malden people were generous and cordial hosts, and their guests, happy and contented departed, singing, "God be with you till we meet again."

New Bedford Sub-District Convention.

A most enjoyable and profitable gathering was held at Sagamore, March 16. The first vice president, Rev. J. I. Bartholomew, of New Bedford, presided at the morning and afternoon sessions. Rev. C. S. Davis, of Bourne, the second vice president, presided at the evening session. Both officers spoke during the day upon various phases of the work of the society. In the evening the district president, Robert F. Raymond, esq., of New Bedford, gave an interesting and helpful address. He spoke the previous evening in Sandwich at a meeting of the League and Endeavor Societies.

Rev. Walter J. Yates, of Fall River, gave an address in the evening on "How to Be Somebody." The paper was read by Mr. Wilson, and his people made every possible arrangement for the comfort and enjoyment of their guests. The address of welcome was cordial, and the beautiful collation, so well served, proved that the genuine spirit of hospitality was not exhausted in words. The essays were of a high order. Arrangements were made to publish them in one of the local papers. They were as follows: "Suggestions for Department of Christian Work," by Miss C. E. Bryant, Wareham; "Department of Entertainment," Mrs. P. H. Pinney, Bourne.

A genuine spirit of revival has been manifested in the church lately, and several have entered upon the Christian life. As some could not leave the place before the late night train, a love feast was held on the evening services had closed. Nearly 75 stayed to this meeting, which lasted till eleven o'clock. It was a time of deep spiritual power, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. The attendance through the day was large. In the evening the house was crowded. As a whole, it was one of the most profitable conventions we have yet held.

Sub-District Convention.

A sub district convention was held at Dighton, Feb. 17, in the interests of that part of New Bedford District contiguous to Taunton, Fall River, and New Bedford. The district president, Mr. Raymond, esq., of New Bedford, won glowing opinions by his ability and suavity with which he presided. The pastor of the church at Dighton, Rev. W. D. Wilkinson, by his singing and untiring zeal for the comfort of his guests, aided by the good people of his charge, made the occasion one of the pleasantest ever held on the district. The hospitality of the people was the subject of frequent remark among the visiting Leagues. The program was of a high order, well conceived and well-executed. The topics treated were: "The Epworth League—Why? How? What?" Mr. R. H. Macy, "Correspondence and Finance," Mr. W. S. Davis, "Christian Work," Miss Amy C. Clarke, "Literary Work," Mr. Geo. H. W. Sutcliffe, "How can we Best Promote Adoration in Public

Worship?" Rev. W. H. Allen; "Entertainment,"



# Our Book Table.

**DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.** Of Lights and Shadows of New York Life. By Mrs. Helen Campbell, Col. Thomas. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co. Sold only by subscription.

A woman, a journalist, and a detective here portray in sad and vivid colors the darkest side of life, by day and by night, in our great American metropolis. It is a book that, to a great extent, more complete than anything of the kind that has ever been written. It is perhaps not too much to say that it is equal to General Booth's book. There are several advantages to be derived from reading such a volume as this. It gives the rich and better classes a clear and honest insight into the condition of the poor and poorest classes; it encourages charity; it exposes the tricks and arts by which all the criminal classes work, and thus, in some sense, it means by which immunity from them can be secured; it reveals the life of a great metropolis, and thus makes those who live in smaller communities content with the lot they have, which is almost invariably better, in most respects, than that of a city. The volume is profusely illustrated and contains nearly eight hundred pages. The three writers are very well known, especially Mrs. Campbell, who has previously shown her deep and sympathetic interest in the condition of the poor. She has elsewhere, as here, eloquently pleaded their just cause.

**A CYCLOPAEDIA OF NATURE'S TEACHINGS.** New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, \$2.50.

This is a collection of facts, observations, suggestions, illustrations, etc., from various writers. It embraces, according to the main divisions, "Things Above the Earth," "Things On the Earth," "Things Below the Earth," and "Things Around the Earth." Such authors as Agassiz, Horace Bushnell, Chalmers, Coleridge, Cuvier, Darwin, Frode, Washington Irving, Bulwer Lytton, Ruskin, Mark Twain, and Wordsworth are quoted; and such subjects as comets, dew, electricity, flowers, trees, seeds, earthquakes, fossils, sand, sea, etc., are referred to. In the back part of the volume is given an index of the texts of Scripture alluded to, which are several hundred. The book is valuable, therefore, for the minister.

**MARK HOPKINS.** By Franklin Carter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

It is fitting that the biography of Mark Hopkins should be published in the series known as "American Religious Leaders." He is known as one of the pillars in the temple of American education, as a fine scholar, a consistent, aggressive Christian, and a somewhat systematic philosopher. The students at Williams College felt that they could under the influence of a strong character and a well-trained mind. It was an able and wise administrator. Of this President Carter says: "Speaking of the graduates, his own pupils, he himself said, when his successor was inaugurated: 'Not in the increase of buildings, or grounds, or funds, but in this is my pride. In respect to character, position, or influence they have nothing to fear from a comparison with any equal number of graduates from any other institution.'"

Mark Hopkins aimed to send out men, and he reached his aim. Williams College prospered on all sides under his administration. President Carter has written an appreciative, well-versed, and eloquent biography of his predecessor.

**THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.** By Samuel J. Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50. For sale by W. B. Clarke & Co., Boston.

This excellent life of Christ was first published in 1862, and is now thoroughly revised; and though some minor changes are made, it is still practically the same volume. It is as creditable and successful an attempt to set forth the events in the life of our Lord as to make them clear and distinct, as we remember to have seen. It differs in many respects—and to its advantage and value—from the volumes of Geike, Edersheim, and even Keim and Weiss. The author handles every difficulty connected with the study of such a marvelous life as that of Christ, with disinterested fairness, candor, and generally good judgment. We cordially commend this new edition as offering one of the best lives of Christ for the use of the minister, the Bible student and teacher, and the layman who is interested to examine the minor details.

**THE CRISTAL HUNTERS.** By George Manville Fenn. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

This is indeed a capital story for boys, for whom it is especially intended. As he stood on the outer edge of the Higher Alps and looked up to them, a young English lad was inclined to boast of their inferiority and of the great wonders he could do there amid the seemingly accessible peaks, on the narrow shelves of rock, and on those white, gleaming, cold breasts of snow and ice, where there is so much of nature's power and grandeur; but he returned from his climb wiser and more modest. The adventures are very thrilling from the beginning to the end, when they find the crystals in the ice grove after a terrific struggle with a cretin. There is, moreover, a great deal of information in the book.

**DELLAR.** By Samuel W. Odell. Cincinnati: Graham & Stokes. Price, 75 cents.

This story of a young Biblical character is a sequel to "Sanson" by the same author. It is characterized by the same interest, and readers can but be helped in their understanding of the Bible story.

**INDEX TO SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.** Vols. 1-10. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

This index is very complete, embracing the names of the authors and the titles of the articles. Even for those who do not own the magazine, but who wish to have reference to various subjects, it is valuable—especially for writers and speakers.

**THE ADVENTURE.** A Study in Satanicology. By William A. Mason, D. D., Wilbur B. Ketchum. New York: Price, \$1.25.

He shows the wreck and ruin fallen angels have wrought, and surveys the wide-reaching denials which have ensued. It is a very complete and full of argument relating to diabolical evil and influence. Diviners, necromancers, demoniacal possessions, modern diabolism, spiritualism and supernatural forces, occult arts, magic and sorcery are treated, and much is to be acquired for argumentation and teaching by a careful survey of this timely book. A clear appreciation of the magnitude of the conflict now waging will be perceived by reading this contribution to a field of literature which has been rarely traversed.

**HOW TO MARK YOUR BIBLE.** By Mrs. Stephen Moxley. Fleming H. Revell Co.: Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

At first sight this system of Bible marking seems intricate and complex, and therefore undesirable; but when one has analyzed it, it becomes very simple and very helpful to every student of the Book of books. We need not try to explain here the method, but only to recommend it. It will open new ideas as to the connectedness and unity of the Word of God, which is to be sought after diligently if one would catch the full beauty of the Bible.

## Obituaries.

**Johnson's History of Rasseilas.** Edited by Fred N. Scott, Ph. D. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn: Boston. Price, 42 cents.

Even old Sam Johnson's Dictionary will not be last in supporting his reputation as the first edition of his history of Rasseilas. With its first edition, it is a book that, to a great extent, more complete than anything of the kind that has ever been written. It is perhaps not too much to say that it is equal to General Booth's book. There are several advantages to be derived from reading such a volume as this. It gives the rich and better classes a clear and honest insight into the condition of the poor and poorest classes; it encourages charity; it exposes the tricks and arts by which all the criminal classes work, and thus, in some sense, it means by which immunity from them can be secured; it reveals the life of a great metropolis, and thus makes those who live in smaller communities content with the lot they have, which is almost invariably better, in most respects, than that of a city. The volume is profusely illustrated and contains nearly eight hundred pages. The three writers are very well known, especially Mrs. Campbell, who has previously shown her deep and sympathetic interest in the condition of the poor. She has elsewhere, as here, eloquently pleaded their just cause.

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**Robinson.** Mrs. Ellen Hall Robinson was born in Portland, Me., Jan. 13, 1808, and died in the same city, Jan. 19, 1892.

Sister Robinson was converted while a young lady, and united with the Chestnut Street M. Church. She at once entered actively into the work of the church, identifying herself with its interests and laboring to promote its welfare. She early became an active member of the "Dessa Society," connected with the church. I think one of its originators—and gave it her hearty support during her life, and left to her a generous bequest of its funds. The entire interest of the church was upon her heart, and with deep devotion she concentrated herself to its welfare. For a number of years she was an active business woman, conducting a successful millinery and fancy goods establishment in the U. S. Hotel block.

She was married to Rev. E. Robinson, of the Maine Conference, in April, 1831. She felt that this step involved very great responsibilities. The children of Brother Robinson would, of course, remember with affection the dear mother who had borne and nurtured them, and for her to step into the place which had been occupied by so good a mother was a very difficult one. But her good sense and kind heart fitted her for the place, and she was able to fill it with grace and intelligence and consideration for the part of the children. So the union was a happy one. Sister Robinson was a wise, kind and affectionate mother and a devoted, faithful, discreet, prudent wife, every way fitted for the place she was called to fill. Her husband's welfare was beloved upon all the charges to which they were appointed. Intelligent, cheerful, happy, she cast a halo of light wherever she moved. She made a halo of light wherever she moved. She made a halo of light wherever she moved. She made a halo of light wherever she moved.

Death came suddenly, but did not find her unprepared. Her life, "hid with Christ in God," is sufficient evidence that at death's coming all was well. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." E. P. H.

**Batchelder.** Died in Plainfield, Vt., Dec. 28, 1891. Mrs. Laura M. Batchelder, wife of L. C. Batchelder, was a woman of rare excellence, and greatly respected by all who knew her. In early life she came to know Christ as her Saviour, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she ever remained a worthy member. Having acquired her husband with the death of her husband, she was left with a young family to support. Her husband's death was a great loss to her, and she was left with a young family to support. Her husband's death was a great loss to her, and she was left with a young family to support.

**Carver.** Died, of consumption, in Lyndon, Vt., Dec. 29, 1891. Mrs. Lucy Carver, widow of Asa Carver, in the 72d year of her age.

Sister Carver was a daughter of Peter Carver, a faithful and efficient local preacher. At sixteen years of age she united with the M. E. Church of Kirby, and on removing to Lyndon she transferred her membership to the M. E. Church of that place, where she remained for five years a consistent, useful, and greatly beloved member of the same. For about a year previous to her death, through failing health and the infirmities of age, she was unable to attend church, and she remained at home, a source of grief, for when her strength permitted, her seat was rarely vacant in the house of God. She proved her love for the Master by keeping His "commandments," and to "do what she could" for His cause, was to her a real and abiding joy. The last time that she was seen at church she said to a Christian sister, "If you should never meet me here again, remember that I am prepared to 'depart and be with Christ.'"

In the loneliness of life's events and her keenly felt deprivation of sanctuary privileges, she had sweetest communion with the "Friend that dwelleth closer than a brother," and she died as she had lived, in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. L. DODD.

**Slater.** Died, in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 29, 1891. Hannah Slater, aged 62 years.

Sister Slater was born in England in 1829. At the age of eight years, with her parents, she moved to America and settled in Lowell. In 1855 she was married to Brother J. F. Slater. Two years later, while at work in one of the mills, she found Christ as her Saviour and was baptized. She remained in the M. E. Church of Lowell, Mass., where she was a member of the church for many years. Her husband was converted a short time before this. In 1878, shortly after the organization of the Lowell Highland Church, they both united with it, and have ever since been among its most prominent members, supporting its prayer and all good work. Her funeral was attended by her pastor and Rev. W. C. Colburn, a former intimate and beloved pastor. Brother Colburn made a fitting and tenderly spoken of her as the "model woman," and all praise be to God for her good works, though in this she was abundant. With more than ordinary ability she saw what

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# Zion's Herald.

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## WORK AND LOVE.

Work without love is like a body without a soul. It lacks the sustaining, directing, vitalizing power which alone can redeem it from being mechanical and perfunctory. When you find a person who confesses that he does not love his work, you may be sure that the work he attempts is but indifferently or passably done; it never has that supreme excellence which marks work done with enthusiasm.

This is especially true of religious work. Of all endeavor, it is most necessary that Christian endeavor should be actuated by the enthusiasm of love. You might as well try to make flowers grow without sunshine, as to try to accomplish anything for Christ unless your heart is in the work.

Fortunately, love is one of the elements which young Christians are most ready and apt to put into their work. Their hearts are so full of natural enthusiasm and emotive energy, that it is almost impossible for them to do anything sincerely which they do not also love. The atmosphere of youth is wholly charged with emotion and enthusiasm. It is exhilarating to be in the company of young men and young women, and to feel the heartiness and zeal of all their effort. This is what makes young people so successful in Christian work. This is what makes our own Epworth League one of the chief factors in the vigorous growth of modern Methodism. Such a soul of love in such a body of earnest, organized, practical work, cannot fail to be a mighty power in any church.

Let us not attempt to check even what may seem like the superabundant enthusiasm of young people, for it is all a part of the overflowing energy of love. We may direct it, utilize it, but we must never let it attempt to subside or discourage it. That would be as suicidal as to pray God that the sun's heat might be lessened, because it needs to be tempered, sometimes, in midsummer. It isn't less heart that we want in any Christian work; it is simply the wisdom necessary to apply the heart-power. Let youth throw all the vigor of its enthusiasm into the activities of the church, only let there be a wisdom and a purpose in what it does. Love is the great source of power, and the church cannot afford to lose a tithe of its motive power. Age may stand at the helm, but it is youth that must man the banks of oars.

## GENERAL CONFERENCE ELECTIONS.

General Conference elections are of two kinds: The first is to the supreme legislative of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the second by that legislature to official services in the church. Electors of the first become electors in the second of general superintendents, connectional secretaries, editors, book agents, and committees.

Ministers exclusively are electors in the Annual Conferences, and laymen in the quadrennial Lay Electoral Conferences. Both are electors in the General Conference. The first are eligible to election to any office in the church, the second to all except the itinerant general superintendency.

The influence of elective action affects for good or ill the condition and status of the church at home and of the church abroad. Through the church this influence reaches the state in this and other lands. Bishop Simpson was a tower of strength to the republic in its last struggle for united existence. Dr. Ong did more than all the European powers to bless Bulgaria with free political institutions. China reluctantly receives modification at the hands of our missionaries, and India under their instructions is preparing for political autonomy. Votes at the Annual and Lay Electoral Conferences may help or hinder the extension of Christ's kingdom. Therefore the voter wields tremendous power, and is under commensurate moral responsibility.

Under what conditions and with

what aims should the constituents of primary and secondary authority cast their ballots? Each, as a Methodist, believes in the perfectibility of man—in love at least—in this life. He aspires to it—he "groans" for it. He tells that others may be induced to seek, and that they may happily attain to it. His churchy mission is to spread Scriptural holiness throughout this and all lands, to bring humanity into the fold of the Great Shepherd, and into the dignity and blessedness of the children of God. All his work is in view of, and directly related to, this great end. Nor can he with to act under these convictions and with this object in sight, and be guileless. Ambition for place, power, or honor for its own sake, or collusion with those actuated by selfish desire, should have no standing in his heart, or recognition in his affirmative procedure.

In the Annual Conference, and long before its commencement, the question, "For whom shall I vote?" should be loyally considered in all its bearings. All the members of the Conference are eligible to election. Those best qualified on the whole to administer the church with sole reference to the aims for which the church is divinely established, should be selected. Who are they? It goes without saying that they should be intelligent, godly, wise, efficient; that they should be distinguished as preachers, pastors, and executive officers. The collective gifts and graces of all are needed by the diversified wants of ecclesiastical and civil society. Merit commands them to selection. On these—the best of them—the choice should fall.

In the General Conference, conviction that certain officials are needed should precede all action looking toward election of the same. Abundance of ministers fitted to be general superintendents is no reason why addition should be made to the ranks of the latter. Rarely has the number requisite to efficient supervision of the work been too few. In the opinion of many loyal sons of the church it is now quite large enough, if not too large. It costs one and a half per cent. of the whole amount raised for the support of the Methodist ministry, according to a good authority. To enlarge the number would be to augment claim upon the church, and that without counterbalancing benefit. Possibly it might incur the detriment of the church, because accompanied by danger to unity of administration, and of division into cliques. Whether this be so or not, because of the customary life tenure of office, and its effect upon the welfare of church and state, every election should be one of extreme caution and care.

The same remark is applicable, essentially, to the election of connectional secretaries, editors, agents, and committees. None of these must of necessity be ministers. Dr. Thomas Bond, one of the best editors that the *Christian Advocate* ever had, was a layman. Superior spirituality, sound doctrine, holiness, literary culture, and tried business ability are indispensable qualifications of secretaries and editors; and if united in book agents and committees greatly add to their efficiency.

Due care in the selection of so many officials as must be elected at the General Conference augments the burdens of its members. In the electors lies the primary authority to decide who shall legislate and who administer—an authority that cannot be exercised blamelessly without much labor, thought and prayer, accompanied by the constant benediction of the Holy Spirit.

## THE EDITOR IN MEXICO.

### XII.

#### Facing Homeward.

One experience, perhaps, no greater feeling of loneliness and isolation than when thrown among strangers, all of whom are speaking in an "unknown tongue." The great Apostle told the Corinthians, with much emphasis, that he would rather utter five words with understanding than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue; and herein the Apostle is like himself, very true to human experience. There were many occasions in Mexico when five words in our mother tongue would have been more consolatory and helpful than a whole volume of Spanish. We recall an hour in the City of Mexico when, astray and unattended, we tried to find our way back to the hotel. In vain we accosted men on the sidewalk and in the stores, endeavoring to explain our dilemma; we merely received a courteous but broken, "No English," in response to our inquiries. At last, after an improvised sign language representing that we were lost, and by constant repetition of the name of our hotel, we were shown the direction in which we should proceed. As we sat in a large restaurant just before our departure from Mexico, we had a similar experience with an unknown tongue and a very happy relief. Next to our table there were seated three persons whom we at once recognized as Americans, and the fact was made clearly evident when they began to chat enthusiastically concerning the interesting sights which they had seen that day in the City of Mexico. We could not resist the impulse to speak to this cheerful family, and request the privilege of an acquaintance. It proved a most happy coincidence that they were to depart from Mexico on the same train that afternoon. Our new-made friends and delightful traveling companions were Joseph Kittinger, wife and daughter, from Buffalo. They are members of Delaware Avenue Church, and had many kind and grateful words for President Bashford, Revs. J. D. Phelps and W. F. Odell. The daughter was an enthusiastic tourist and a critical student of Mexican history. The wife of Rev. S. W. Siberts, Ph. D., was also to accompany us, with two small children, so far as her parents home in Mount Pleasant, Iowa. Her summons to the United States was especially sad and afflictive. Her aged mother, one of the noblest women of our Methodism, had suddenly died, and Mrs. Siberts was called to the care of two of her older children who had been living with their grandparents. It was not possible for her to reach her home in season to attend the funeral of her mother, and the children in that home she had not seen for years. She was obliged to be separated from her children in order that they might receive proper educational advantages.

This is a part of the price that they may carry the truth of an open Bible to the people who are deprived of it.

### Into Cloudland.

Our return to the States was made upon the Mexican National Railroad. This line presents special attractions to the tourist because it is much the shorter, the quickest and most picturesque route between the United States and Mexico. As we leave the City of Mexico we commence at once to ascend a grade which rises at last to an altitude nearly four thousand feet higher than our starting point. It was oppressively warm, too, as we took our seats in the car at 2:30 o'clock on that January afternoon. In three hours we had reached such a height as to require the use of a heavy overcoat, closely buttoned, in order to be comfortable. It was, however, a most fascinating and exhilarating ride. To the train was attached an observation car, with open windows, so that travelers might behold the remarkable scenery which was spread out on either side. Two engines were needed to transport the cars, and the progress made even then was slow on account of the very heavy grade. Frequent stops were made to supply the engines with water, as they speedily exhausted the same in generating the large amount of steam required. That afternoon ride was remarkably interesting. Unlike many other parts of Mexico, the mountain ranges were covered with verdure. A clear stream ran through the valley, first upon one side of the track, and then upon the other, now cutting its way deep into the soil, and anon dashing over the rocks in showers of spray. Often we were taken around sharp curves that the ends of the train nearly lapped upon each other, and the observation car which was in the rear stood nearly over against the engines. Through gorges, through tunnels, and over precipitous ravines we sped on our way, giving us a charming opportunity to admire the scenic beauty and grandeur. Toluca, another of the snow-capped mountains of Mexico, is so near the railroad that its black and angry-looking crater is clearly discernible.

Night came on too soon, save that the nights in Mexico, without mist or vapor, are relieved by a peculiarly soft and refracted light. Wakeful in our sleeping berth, we lifted the curtains of the car window, to discern without difficulty, by moonlight, that the hands of our watch indicated twenty minutes past one o'clock. The exact in the fields through which we were passing glinted as if bathed in the brilliance of an electric light. Never saw we a night so mellow, so gorgeous, so beautiful. It was an hour for delightful meditation, for undisturbed communion with Him who said, "Let there be light," for prayer and praise. But we leave unwritten the remainder of the chapter upon Mexico by moonlight. It is much too personal.

### The Towns and Cities.

The towns and cities through which the National Railroad passes, possess the attractive Oriental features of other places already described, except that they have adopted more of the American in practice and habits. Restaurants at depots and hotels, in many instances, are kept by Americans. San Luis Potosi is a large and especially interesting city. In the plaza is a statue of Hidalgo (whose thrilling struggle for the independence of Mexico was described in our last letter), placed in position on Independence day of '89. An interesting drive is through Paseo del Santuario de Guadalupe to the church of that name, the one with the two tall towers seen from the cars in approaching the city from the south. The cathedral has a clock which strikes the hour, and gives the gift of the King of Spain in return for the largest single piece of silver ever taken from a mine—the mines of San Pedro, near San Luis.

At Bocas attention is directed to a large hacienda, differing somewhat from those previously seen. We have been anxious to give our readers some correct idea of these establishments, but fear that our purpose has failed, because they are so unlike anything that the majority of Americans have ever seen. This hacienda is a monument of feudalism and the customs and practices connected therewith, the property consisting of cattle, church, farm buildings, and fortifications combined. The proprietors are two Frenchmen of great wealth, who own a half-million acres of land, live like princes, and have thousands of peons in their service. They are practically their slaves. Within the walls we could see tropical plants and fruits growing in prodigious abundance. These Frenchmen were ardent and generous supporters of Maximilian, furnishing him two thousand soldiers, armed and equipped, from their peons. A short distance from this hacienda the church is pointed out where the would-be Emperor made his headquarters before he fled to Queretaro, where he met defeat and execution.

### The Mexican Waterloo.

Many places of historic interest connected with the war which the United States inflicted upon Mexico have been seen. We have been silent concerning these historic monuments because that was so ungrateful and wicked. A painful sense of humiliation and disgrace is awakened by the revival of such memories. Not only did Mexico lose Texas, but the United States wrested from a weaker government and for selfish gain the States of California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. Over the dismemberment of helpless Poland the American flag flies in a passionate rage; and yet the United States provoked a war with Mexico, with no other end than to rob it of territory, taking from it one half of its possessions. It was General Grant, with his intuitive and unconquerable sense of right and justice, who pronounced the war with Mexico "the most unjust war ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation." Not to stir the embers of such "unjust war," we have been silent touching the trait of its history as still seen in the land. But when writing our last lines in Mexico, we make a single exception, as the conductor of the train informs us that we are passing through the renowned battle-field of Buena Vista. This to the Mexicans was the Waterloo of that conflict. There General Taylor won his grandest victory. There 4,000 Americans withstood nearly five times their number. Several times during the battle our soldiers were clearly defeated, but they would not yield, and fought with a heroism and desperation worthy a better cause. There is nothing to mark the event save the old roadway over whose possession the bloody struggle took place, the deep ravines cut long before by water which proved so disadvantageous to the Mexicans in the attempt to bring their army into close fighting columns, and the hacienda known as Buena Vista, which gave name to the battle-field, situated some three miles from the railroad. Says General Wallace:

"The field is but little changed. The road to La Angostura is still the thoroughfare across it; winding along the foot of the hills on its left, and looking down into the fissures and yawning gaps which made the passage to the right so impassable even to skirmishers, I stopped where the famous battery was planted across the road, and saw the place where the Mexicans were driven back, and tried to recall the feeling of the moment.

On the left all was lost; Clay, McKee, Hardin and Fell were dead; where all were brave, but one regiment was standing fast—the only one which through all the weary hours of the changing struggle had not been driven back from the enemy—I mean the Third Indiana.

Bishop Haven leisurely visited this battle-field, studied it critically, and then rode back six miles to the small but historic town of Saltillo, and "in the cool arcade of a pretty hotel that welcomed him," wrote his interesting description of the event. He closes the chapter with a characteristic account of a peculiar incident that came to his knowledge. We gratefully our readers, and while away the moments on the train, by transcribing the paragraph:

"I found in this city two gentlemen of my own language. One, then far gone in our stunted, has since passed away. He had a strange marriage experience. He had remained unmarried until he had reached the ripe age of thirty-five or forty. His master left him in charge and went to Europe. A clear stream ran through the valley, first upon one side of the track, and then upon the other, now cutting its way deep into the soil, and anon dashing over the rocks in showers of spray. Often we were taken around sharp curves that the ends of the train nearly lapped upon each other, and the observation car which was in the rear stood nearly over against the engines. Through gorges, through tunnels, and over precipitous ravines we sped on our way, giving us a charming opportunity to admire the scenic beauty and grandeur. Toluca, another of the snow-capped mountains of Mexico, is so near the railroad that its black and angry-looking crater is clearly discernible.

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## The Epworth League.

New England District.

MOTTOES.

Look Up. Lift Up.  
"I desire a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Jesus Christ."—John Wesley.  
"We live to make our church a power in the land, while we live to love every other church that exalts our Christ."—Bishop Simpson.

### WHITE AND RED.

The following are selections, arranged for Sunday reading, illustrating the thoughts symbolized by the colors of the Epworth League.

Sunday, April 3.

The wild and windy March once more  
Has shut his gloomy door,  
And given us back the April-time,  
So fresh and so sweet.  
Now blighting with our fears, our hopes—  
Now kindling hopes with fears;  
Now softly weeping through her smiles—  
Now smiling through her tears.  
I welcome thee with all my heart,  
Glad herald of the spring,  
And yet I cannot choose but think  
Of all thou dost not bring.  
Thou set'st the red familiar rose  
Beside the household lily,  
But oh, the friends, the sweet, sweet friends,  
Thou bringest back no more!  
But shall I mourn that thou no more  
A short-lived joy can bring,  
Since death has lifted up the gates  
Of their eternal spring?—*Alfred Cary.*

Why should we live half-way up the hill  
And swathed in mists, when we might have  
An unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads  
If we would only climb higher,  
Walk in the light of His face?—*Dr. Mac-ture.*

"Artists," I say, not artists. "The difference?" This: the artist is he who strives to perfect his work; the artisan strives to get through it. The artist would finish; too, but with him is to "finish the work God has given me to do." It is not how great a thing we do, but how well we do the thing we have to do, that puts us in the noble brotherhood of artists. My Real is not my Ideal—is that my complaint? One thing at least is in my power: if I cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least idealize my Real. How? By trying to be perfect in it. If I am but a rain-drop in a shower, I will be at least a perfect drop; if but a leaf in a whole tree, I will be at least a perfect leaf. This poor "one thing I do"—instead of repining at its lowliness or its hardness, I will make it glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.—*W. C. Gannett.*

Sunday, April 10.

A writer tells of going with a party down into a coal mine. On the side of the gangway grew a plant which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished, that there, where the coal-dust was continually flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner who was with them took a handful of the black dust and threw it upon the plant; but not a particle adhered. Every atom of the dust rolled off. The visitors themselves repeated the experiment, but the coal-dust would not cling. There was a wonderful example on the folds of the white plant to which no finest specks could adhere. Living there amid clouds of black dust, nothing could stain the snowy whiteness.

That is a picture of what every young Christian life should be. This is an evil world. You go among the ungodly continually in your daily walk and work. Unholy influences breathe about you and upon you incessantly. But it is your mission to be pure amid all this violence, undefiled, unspotted from the world. Do you ask how this is possible? Christ can keep you. If God can make a little plant so that no dust can stain its whiteness, can He not by His grace so transform your heart and life that no stain can cling to you? If He can keep a flower stainless, white as snow, amid clouds of black dust, can He not keep your heart in like purity in this world of sin?—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

Sunday, April 17.

It is Easter Sunday, the Day of the Light of Life; of the coming of the glory of the Lord by the way of the East.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

We who are of the earth need not be earthy;  
God made our nature to be divine;  
Nothing but selfishness can be unwholy.  
Of His pure image, meant through us to shine.  
The death of death is, ourselves to another  
In our own pleasure, His distinction;  
And life—eternal life—to love each other;  
Our souls with Christ in sacrifice to lift.

This is the beauty of our Easter morning:  
In Him humanity may now arise  
Out of the grave of self, all sinners coming:  
The body radiance of His glorious eyes  
Illumines everywhere uplifted faces;  
Touches the earthly with a heavenly glow;  
And in that blessed light all human graces  
Unto divine beatitudes must grow.—*Lucy Larcom.*

To all hearts who sorrow to-day, because their treasures have passed beyond their sight and touch, we would bring the consolation springing from that Easter morning. The bonds of death are broken, and death is swallowed up in victory. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" They are not there; death cannot hold those whose life is hid with Christ in God. Because He lives they must live also, and in that life there is fullness of joy. Though it doth not yet appear what they shall be, we know that they, being transformed into the image of their Lord, shall be like Him, for now they see Him as He is.—*Union Signal.*

Sunday, April 24.

O friends! if the greater burdens  
His love can make us light,  
Why should His wonderful goodness  
Our halting credence slight?  
The little sharp vexations,  
And the briars that catch and fret,  
Shall we not take them to the Helper  
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,  
And tell Him the loneliness, too;  
Tell Him the baffled purpose,  
When we scarce know what to do.  
Then, leaving all our weakness  
With the One divinely strong,  
Forget that we were the burden,  
And carry away the song.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Is there nothing that Christ as your Friend, your Lord, your Saviour, wants you to do that you are leaving undone to-day? Do you doubt one instant that with His high and deep love for your soul, He wants you to pray?—And do you pray? Do you doubt one instant that it is His will that you should honor and help and bless all these men about you who are His brethren?—And are you doing anything like that? Do you doubt one instant that His will is that you should make life serious and lofty?—And are you making it frivolous and low? Do you doubt one instant that He wants you to be pure in deed and word and thought?—And are you pure? Do you doubt one instant that His command is for you openly to own Him and declare that you are His servant before all the world?—And have you done it? These are the questions which make the whole matter clear. No, not in quiet lanes, nor in bright temple courts as once He spoke,

and not from blazing heavens as men seem sometimes to expect—not so does Christ speak to us. And yet He speaks! I know what He, there in His glory, He here in my heart, wants me to do to-day, and I know that I am not mistaken in my knowledge. It is no guess of mine. It is His voice that tells me.—*Phillips Brooks.*

### OUR EVERY-DAY LIVES.

SUSAN TRALL PERRY.

IT is very natural for us all to wish to be thought well of in the outside world. It is proper that we should be courteous and kindly in our treatment of our guests, that we should greet them with a bright and smiling face, and that we should use our best endeavors to make ourselves agreeable to them. But what a change there often is in the household after the door has closed behind the outgoing guest, and we resume our every-day life at home! Children are keen observers of these changes; they know the difference between company manners and the every-day manners in the family circle. Notice in their plays of "going a-calling," or "giving tea parties," and see the artificial manners they assume. They are learning to think that it is the proper way to be unnatural when outsiders come into the home.

While it is commendable in us to wish to make a good impression on our associates, yet it is of vital importance that we should be as attractive as possible to those with whom we spend our daily lives. We too often feel that we are privileged to show the worst side of our characters in our homes. We fret over our duties, get disconcerted over things that don't suit us, speak sharp words to our children, and fault with our help, and severely criticize the different members of the family circle. We are oftentimes very unjust, as well as unkind, in these unpleasant ways of ours, and we know it only too well, and in our repentant moments deplore it. We like to have our opinions the respected ones, and our rules the code of the household, forgetting that each member of the family has his or her own individuality, and that it is entitled to be considered and respected as much as ours.

We who are "getting along in years" can look back to our young days, and remember the difference there was in our elders' ways. There was Aunt Deborah, always so smiling and so kindly-spoken; and although she did not aid and abet us in our wrong-doing, yet she had a faculty that was not shown in words, of winning us over to the right. How we love to think of her in these twilight reveries; and although she has been in heaven for many, many years, yet her influence for good is still with us. And Aunt Jane Maria—how stately and unbending she was, how grave her face always seemed, at the least misdemeanor of the young folks; and her words, how they used to sting sometimes! In our maturer years we throw the mantle of charity over her, and try to persuade ourselves that we misjudged her.

We are making a record each day in the hearts of those who live with us, which will never lose its power for good or evil. Although these dear ones are more to us than all the world besides, yet we, in many ways, are not nearly as careful of our treatment of them as we are of outsiders, who cannot possibly have for us that unselfish, untrifling love that they have.

Every-day lives are hard ones to live. The routine of the same duties repeated day after day will naturally be commonplace if we do not put the nobler, better part of our nature into them. When the breaking of each new day wakes us from our sleep, let our first thought be a prayer to the Great Helper that He will give us grace and strength to fulfill our home duties in the sweetest and best possible way. Oh, the stinging words, the unkind acts, the petty jealousies, that will sometimes cause heart-aches among the dear ones! Oh, how they burden the soul after one of the circle has been carried over the threshold never to recross it again! Let us endeavor to be patient with, and tender towards, these dear ones, and wear our pleasantest faces when we are with them, and speak our kindest words in gentle tones in their hearing.

Precept may have power in the way of influencing others, but it has but little weight in comparison to example. A daily example of a Christlike life in the home is an inestimable power for good, and its influence is handed down from one generation to another. Let the work of the household always be measured in the sunshine instead of in the shadow. Let the home loves and the home trials be the centre of our deepest and sweetest emotions. Build the home, dear friends, so it will always face the Father's house.

"Each spirit weaves the web it wears  
From out life's busy loom;  
And common tasks and daily cares  
Make up the threads of doom."  
*Stockbridge, Mass.*

### A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN Josiah Maitland married rose-checked Becky Johnson, all the wise old farmers' wives in the neighborhood declared with a solemn shake of their heads that "Becky'd make a good wife, and as for Josiah, he came of good stock. He'd make a real good provider."

Becky was a member of the church, and Josiah was not.

"A bad beginnin'." Unscriptural," old Brother Foster said. But Becky only blushed a rosy red all over her fresh young face and tossed her head defiantly at Brother Foster. She knew of course that it wasn't right for a church member to marry an outsider, ordinarily, but her case was different. Why, they were engaged a whole year before she joined the church herself, and supposing she did have some trouble because Josiah hadn't gone with her into the church, didn't the Bible teach that folks must keep their promises? She happened one day to light upon that verse in Proverbs evidently written for a very different occasion, "Blessed is the man that sweareth by his own hurt and changeth not," and she took immense comfort out of it. But in spite of her outward defiance she had some serious misgivings over the matter. The worst of it was she never could get up courage to speak to Josiah about it. She tried many a time, but it always ended in a choke and a little cry on her pillow at night.

The wedding came off at last, and was the absorbing topic of conversation in all the little town of Pottsville. "How sweet Becky looked," everybody said; and "Josiah was well circumstanced for a young man. He'd make a good provider!"

And so Becky found him. He owned a good farm and made a good living, and was liberal in his household allowances. The cellar was well stocked with apples and potatoes and turnips and squashes, to say nothing of rows and rows of Becky's canned fruits and jellies and jars of preserves and pickles. It fairly made one hungry to look into that cellar! Then, too, Becky had a sewing machine and a washing machine, and a patent churn and a milk dress. What more could any mortal woman want? To be sure she always had to ask for money when she wanted it, but then she always got it. And Josiah always went to church with her.

A missionary meeting was held in the little village church. It only lasted two days, but it was a wonderful two days in the community. There was a missionary there and the district president, who seemed quite equal to the President of the United States to the simple country people. After the missionary had talked, and the president and several other persons, Esther Tuttle Pritchard gave an address on "Systematic Giving."

Becky was simply fascinated with the beautiful "Quaker" woman. They called her a Friend. Becky wondered what it was to mean to have such a woman for a friend. She had put new thoughts in Becky's mind. She talked as though there were other things in the world to think of besides how much money there was to be made out of butter and eggs and other farm produce.

Becky longed to begin titling at once, but how could she tithe anything when she never had anything of her very own, even though she was the wife of a prosperous farmer?

After the meeting she found Josiah waiting outside for her in the light buggy. She said not a word, but Josiah noticed after this that though his wife did not seem unhappy, there was a slight shadow on her face. The next morning when he awoke, some as ever, for Becky was noted all over the county for her cooking. She took care of the milk from the six cows, and washed, and churned, and baked, and scrubbed with the same gusto she had ever displayed in those accomplishments. But she was a Quaker, and Becky kept "thinking and thinking," as she afterwards said, until New Year's eve. Then she cleared away the supper things, took off her kitchen apron and stood before her husband.

"Josiah," she said, "do you know to-morrow is New Year's?"

"Why, of course I do," her husband answered, looking at her as though he thought she had gone crazy. "Haint you been cooking all the week to have a big dinner for your pa's folks?"

"Josiah," she continued, though she was trembling like a leaf, "there's going to be another declaration of independence."

"What ar you drivin' at, Becky," he replied, "haint you werry?"

At this poor Becky sat down and cried and laughed, and laughed and cried until Josiah became thoroughly alarmed at her strange actions.

"You've been working too hard, Becky," he said.

"No, I haven't," she said, "but I—I want the butter money and the egg money. Now, there, I've said it."

If you want money all you've got to do is to say so. No need to ask for it every time. I want the butter money and the egg money just as you have the corn money and the wheat money. I want to use it just as I please, and I'm going to give a tenth to the Lord, Josiah.

Josiah gave a prolonged whistle.

"The Lord will bless us, Josiah," Mr. Pritchard said so. If you only could have heard her.

The fact was, Josiah had heard her; but Becky supposed he had not, for her outside, as he said nothing about it.

"I want something of my own to give. I just thought I'd say so. That's what I meant by a new declaration of independence. Mother never did have any money of her own. She always had to ask father if she spent ten cents. Don't you think I earn the butter money and the egg money?"

Josiah nodded.

"You shall have it, Becky, 'deed you shall. New Year's will be a good time to start."

"New Year's is a good time to start any good thing," said Becky, waxing bolder and bolder. "I do wish you'd join the church, Josiah. I do wish you would." She looked up with tears in her eyes.

"I'd a done it before if you'd only asked me, Be-ky. I wanted to. I've been a prayin' lately"—and he stopped, choking up.

"And to think I'd never asked my own husband to join the church! I don't know how it would have ended if I hadn't determined to give that tenth."—*The Message.*

### THE HOLY SHADOW.

LONG, long ago there lived a saint so good that he was called down from heaven to show how a mortal could be so goodly.

He simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume, without ever being aware of it.

Two words summed up his day: he gave, he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips; they were expressed in his ready smile, in his kindness, forbearance and charity.

The angels said to God: "O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles!" God replied: "I consent; ask him what he wishes."

So they said to the saint: "Should you like the touch of your hands to heal the sick?"

name, and called him only *The Holy Shadow*.—Translated from the French by RUTH CHAPT, in *Christian Union*.

### THE LEAGUE AND THE PASTOR.

REV. C. W. BOWLEY, PH. D.

There was a time some years ago—At least some one has told me so—When young folks were a problem. Just how to treat them and be just, Was to be solved; 'twas felt it must, Or churches surely lose them.

Some older members of the church, Except when in a trying hour, And there was much to pay, Thought young folks should keep in the rear, And not with veterans appear, Or have as much to say.

"Old men for counsel, young for war," Was the most common maxim for the young blood of the land; And when the youth began to fight, 'Twas doubted whether this was right, And down they dropped their hands.

The pastors said, "This will not do, A plan will form to work the two, The highest good to reach, We'll mix them up in social life, With greatest care, avoiding strife; But soon there was a breach.

The Epworth League then had its rise, And it has proved to be most wise For all concerned, I trow. At first the veterans gave some signs, And uttered many earnest "whys," Most eager they to know.

Just whereunto this might grow, And where would end this youthful show Of seal and youthful venture. These questions waxed pastors' thought, And plans most excellent were wrought, And churches saved from rupture.

Time has proved all fears unfounded, The League's success became unbounded, Its praise has well begun. The pastor's right hand in the strife, It gives to all the church new life, And souls for Christ has won.

Now old and young united toil To cultivate Immanuel's soil, And hasten on the day When not an aged man shall sin, And every youth at once begin To walk in wisdom's way.

Pastor, the League has need of thee! To thee great service it shall be, Christ's cause to push along. And when at last the trump shall sound, We know true Leaguers will be found Amid the angel throng.

Nashua, N. H.

### A NEW GAME.

THERE are many people who do not play cards, and to whom a new social game is a source of delight, especially if it be one which admits of possible variation.

Such a game was played this summer at our hotel in the mountains. It was new to all except the bright lady who conducted it, and it was entered into with a zest to which the frequent after references bore ample witness.

The game consisted simply in taking titles of books, and representing each title by a picture, by a drawing, or by some arrangement of objects, so that it could be guessed from them, somewhat after the manner of a riddle. Of course the one who guessed correctly the greatest number of titles took the first prize. There was also a second prize, and a "booby" prize.

About thirty took part in this game, though the number could have been extended indefinitely. Fifty titles had been selected by the hostess, and their representations carefully prepared. Each player having been provided with a paper on which there were fifty blanks for these titles, at the signal we entered the room where the objects and pictures were displayed. But it was no easy task to solve all the puzzles before us. Some titles were known at once, others remained unguessed to the end.

Among the objects and titles were such as these:—

A candle on a map of Asia represented "The Light of Asia."

A large white cardboard with a tiny 2 on it was "We Two."

A picture of a mill-dam, and a white bead on the top of the picture, was "Adam Bede."

A little ladder with a toy monkey on the top round and a toy man at the foot was "The Descent of Man."

The word *Sin* in red ink was "A Cardinal Sin."

The sheet-music of "Yankee Doodle" was "American Notes."

An O half concealed in a bunch of ferns was "Inferno."

A toy donkey, an O, and some tea leaves was Dorey O—"Don Quixote."

Some vocal music thrust through the handles of several keys was "Songs in Many Keys."

A pie upon some ears of corn was "Flowers."

A burnt-out candle in a candlestick was "The Light that Failed."

Some dolls in ball costume, ranging their faces before a mirror, was "Modern Painters."

Some half-dollars, quarters, and dimes was "The American Commonwealth."

And so the titles ran on, some difficult, some causing much fun, and all interesting.

The possibilities of this game are seen at a glance. With brightness and ingenuity many a puzzling and amusing effects can be worked up.

There are two good rules to be enforced. The time for guessing should be limited, and conversation while guessing strictly forbidden, else the first prize is likely to go to some one who has been assisted by the guesses of others, and the conscientious player has no chance.

Other adaptations of this game might be to titles of poems, quotations, etc., etc. But the best seems to be in titles of standard, or reasonably well-known, not obscure, books.—HENRY L. SMITH, in *Christian Union*.

### LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS FOR APRIL.

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, A. M.

April 3—"What to Think About." "Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. 4:8.

April 10—"Our Friends and Associates." "For my brethren and companions' sakes." Psal. 122:8.

April 17—"Easter." "This Day Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two Years Ago." "He is risen." Matt. 28:6.

April 24—"What to Think About." "Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. 4:8.

are worthy. Too often we are simply thought machines. Like windmills which go only when the wind moves them around, our thought-organism, capable of self-activity, is allowed to become a mere mechanism, moving only as it is operated from without. To think is among man's highest excellences. In this essential he is created in God's image. How must the heart of God have thrilled with joy when the first mind He made began to think? What a delight it must now be to Him when He finds us thinking His thoughts! Mole-like, man may burrow in the ground and feed upon insects; or, like the majestic eagle, he may spread his mental pinions and soar aloft to sunlit heights of truth. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he," and there he is alone. Thinking determines position in the moral realm. That we may dwell in the highlands of Christian living, let us think about—

1. The character of God. He reveals Himself in His works, in His Word, in providence, and most especially in His Son. Think your way up to His throne. There you shall find eternal reason, power, purpose, holiness, love. Your loftiest ideals of intellect, conscience, heart, will there be satisfied in His harmony of perfections. Think of Him as the ever-present, ever-guiding, ever-loving. Each rippling brook, playful sycamore, genial sunbeam, bursting bud, sweetly vouches His attributes and prove His nearness to us.

2. Think of the elements of greatness conspicuous in historical characters. There you may discover "things"—"truth," "honesty," "just," "pure," "lovely," and of "good report." Meditate much upon the permanence of noble qualities.

3. Consider the vast amount of honest fidelity and actual work there must be in society to carry on the newspapers and preserve the interests of the race. Newspapers fill their columns with reports of evil, while the daily good deeds would fill volumes.

4. Think about your obligations to the past, to the present, to the future. Recognize the profound principle of *mutualism* which springs from the Golden Rule. We have claims upon others. Others have corresponding claims upon us. Think great, lofty, pure, beautiful thoughts, and your soul must grow large, rich, helpful, exalted.

April 10—"Our Friends and Associates." "For my brethren and companions' sakes." Psal. 122:8.

"Essential honor must be in a friend. Not such as every breath fans to and fro; But born within, is its own judge and end, And dures not sin, though sure that none should know."

Where friendship speaks, honesty is understood, For none can be a friend that is not good."

Friendship is one of life's richest boons. It is an undefinable trust we repose in the true, an inexplicable sympathy between two souls. Here our finest feelings are called into requisition, and certain elements of love are exercised. Friendship is sunshine for fair sailing, a sheltering rock in storm, a well-spring in the wilderness, the silver lining of sorrow's cloud. Its very excellence warrants us in seeking and prizeing such a treasure. In youth there is a propensity for close intimacies. It is the time when the warmest and often the most lasting friendships are made. The powerful molding influence of our friends and associates cannot be estimated. Hence the high importance of—

1. Choosing those who shall help and not hinder our best development. How many young people would be living beautiful lives to day were it not for the frivolous character of their boon companions! How many others are greatly indebted for their upward march in virtue to the nobility of their associates! The tree-fruit does not more naturally grow upon the oak, and green upon the growing corn, than we are changed in moral complexion by those with whom we associate. As ivy decays and ruins the wall it embraces, so ignoble friends tear down the supports of integrity. Therefore select the trustworthy, the industrious, the conscientious, the aspiring. Select those who see in Christ the supreme ideal of a true friend.

2. Our friends and associates deserve of us all that we have a right to expect of them. If they mold us, we in turn contribute to their growth. "For my brethren and companions' sakes" ought to cultivate those virtues and graces which will prove most serviceable to them. It is well for us, occasionally, to ask, not only what influence our associates are exerting upon us, but to what extent we are adding them in worthy living. It is a great privilege to be helped, but is a greater one to help our friends. Our chief need in life is a friend who can inspire us to do our best. If we can stir our associates to make the most of themselves, we shall then be worthy of their trust and love.

April 17—"Easter." "This Day Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two Years Ago." "He is risen." Matt. 28:6.

Easter-tide! Beautiful Easter again! How we hail thy glad return! Each one seems more joyous than the preceding. Welcome day, most glorious of the round year! Thine the most gladsome event in the annals of time. Green thee! Easter likes, bloom your fairest! Chimes, send forth your jubilee upon the spring breeze! Let every church bell ring out the triumphant truth! Sing, ye people of the crowded city! Sing, ye of the secluded vale! Let children lift their sweet young voices for "This day eighteen hundred and sixty-two years ago" the angel announced, "He is risen." The eclipse is past. The redeeming work of love is completed, and Mary's Son walks forth, victor of death. The stone, the watch, the seal, are all in vain. He has burst the bars of the grave and opened the gates of Paradise. Shout, heavens, and let the earth reply! Christ is King. Crown Him, ye sons of men! Crown Him, ye glorified hosts! Let Him be crowned with "many crowns." Rejoice! Rejoice! Why?

1. Because this Easter celebrates the fulfillment of prophecy. A long line of God's inspired penmen pointed towards the completion of redemption's plan. He Himself assured His disciples that He should rise again. He appeared to them as the certain pledge that no prophecy should ever fail of fulfillment.

2. Rejoice, for in His resurrection we have the corner-stone of Christianity's eternal temple. For deity has assailed it with heaviest artillery, but the adamant it has stood. Eighteen centuries of bombardment have not made a single dent. No fact of history is more firmly established. As well might you doubt the assassination of Lincoln as the resurrection of Christ. *He is risen!*

3. Rejoice! for Jesus has become the first-fruits of that sleep. In accordance with the Levitical law, before a general gathering of harvest, a sheaf was cut with the sickle and brought to the priest, whose duty it was to "wave the sheaf before the Lord." This wave-sheaf was an earnest that the whole field was to be harvested. So Christ's resurrection is the pledge and proof of a like resurrection for all His followers.

4. Rejoice, in anticipation of the brighter Easter yet to be. The naturalist takes his microscope, examines the dark, unpromising bulb, and assures us that from it shall spring the exquisite hyacinth. The zoologist holds up a little minnow-shin, and tells us that within its narrow, homely limits is confined a beautiful humming-bird that one long will flit about in joyous gleams. But a much more marvelous change awaits all who are "asleep in Jesus." How? No one can tell. We only know that God's Word says: "He shall change these vile bodies like unto His glorious body." The millions who slumber in the earth's bosom shall come forth in resurrection beauty and glory. What an Easter Sabbath that will be! What meetings and greetings! Faults all dropped like broken shackles; virtues all brilliant with divine splendor; voices all in tune to ascribe unceasing praise to Him who was dead, but liveth forevermore. Blessed resurrection!

April 24—"In Christ's Stead." "Ye are My witnesses." Isa. 43:10.

Towering immeasurably above the wisest and best of men is the God-man. By His life and Atonement He inaugurated a mighty revolution, destined to issue in a universal kingdom. Gradually it has been gaining ascendancy. Every new year marks some advance. This grand work is left largely in the hands of His followers. You and I are entrusted with a part in this mission. We are upon earth in His stead. What trust is this reposed in us! The scheme to be carried out is beyond the comprehension of angels or men, and yet it is committed to our care. Such confidence manifested in us surely cannot fail to awaken our deepest sense of personal honor. Shall such confidence ever be betrayed or underrated? During the war for independence an American officer was placed in a position of extreme peril. Some of his comrades suggested to him expedients by which he might avoid the dangerous spot, upon which he heroically replied, "I thank you, my friends, for your solicitude. I know I can easily save my life, should I adopt your advice; but who would save my honor? As a young Christian life may save us many rough and even perilous experiences; but the Christian honor conferred by calling us to represent Christ, ought to be dearer than life itself.

1. The responsibility. Momentous interests are entrusted to our keeping. We are His ambassadors. Not only are we to carry His messages and deliver His orders, but to show how He lived, and manifest His spirit, to give the world a just conception of His character



# The Sunday School.

SECOND QUARTER. LESSON II.  
Sunday, April 10.  
Psalm 1:1-2.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

## THE KING IN ZION.

### I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him" (Ps. 1:2).

2. HOME READINGS: Monday—Psalm 2, Genesis 22:1-18; Tuesday—Psalm 110, Isaiah 53:1-12; Wednesday—Psalm 110, Isaiah 53:1-12; Thursday—1 Timothy 6:11-16; Friday—Hebrews 1:1-12; Saturday—Rev. 19:6-16; Sunday—Psalm 1:1-2.

3. THE SECOND PSALM: Though this Psalm is without title, it is ascribed to David in Acts 4:25, and there is nothing in the style or teaching of it to suggest that it is not his. It is generally supposed to have been written after David's victory over the Philistines (2 Sam. 5:17-25), when he was firmly established on the throne, and the ark of the Lord had been brought up to Jerusalem from Kirjath-jearim. His pious wish to build a house unto the Lord was commended, he desired. Accompanying this desire, however, was the promise that his son should build the temple, and the remarkable prediction of the perpetuity of his house and kingdom. It was, probably, under the inspiration of this prophecy, which David himself expected would be ultimately fulfilled in the reign of the Messiah, that this psalm was written.

The term "Messiah"—anointed—occurs frequently (on ten times, at least) in the Psalms. It is not always applied to Christ. It is a kingly title, and in seven cases the reference appears to be to David himself; and in one case (Psalm 118) to Solomon. In the other cases, however, it is applied to the Messiah. The Messiah, however, is not a kingly title, but a term of honor, and is applied to the Messiah in the same manner as the term "Son of God" is applied to the Son of God. The Messiah, however, is not a kingly title, but a term of honor, and is applied to the Messiah in the same manner as the term "Son of God" is applied to the Son of God.

II. Introductory.

The Psalm opens abruptly. The spectacle of the Gentile races, chafing, turbulent, rebellious, their kings conspiring, confederating, and arraying themselves against Jehovah and the rule of His Anointed, avowing their purpose to throw off the yoke and maintain their independence, draws from the writer an exclamation of wonder: "Why do the heathen rage?" etc. How impotent is their folly! How unequal is the strife upon which they have entered! The Omnipotent One, enthroned in the skies, is depicted as looking down on their puny efforts with a derisive smile; then, in righteous indignation at their defiant attitude, He utters His inflexible decree. His determined purpose: On the sacred hill of Zion—His chosen habitation in the midst of the people—He had set up a king, His own Anointed, His Son. On that very day He had prophesiedly begotten Him, when He gave to His Son the anointment, David, the promise that henceforth the kingdom should no longer be elective, but hereditary and perpetual—lifted above all human changes and uncertainties, and triumphing over all foes. To the Messiah, coming in this line, acknowledged to be the Son of God with power, is promised, on the simple condition of asking, the heritage of these hostile nations as His rightful dominion. He is to have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. In vain shall kings and rulers conspire to resist His way. Beneath His scepter, as beneath a rod of iron, their pride shall be broken; and if they continue to be refractory, they shall be smitten and shivered in fragments, like a potter's vessel. For at His word every knee shall bow, and His lordship every tongue shall confess.

From this view of the case an admonition naturally follows. Kings and judges are advised to be wise in time; to acknowledge Jehovah's supremacy and submit to the rule of His Anointed. Their service should be mingled with fear, and their joy with trembling; for their obedience is to be rendered to no earthly potentate like themselves, but to One who is all powerful and all-wise, whose anger is quick to glow and swift to smite. Let them hasten to render to Him "the calves of their lips"—the kiss of homage and of submission—and to enjoy the blessedness of those who put their trust in Him.

### III. Expository.

1. Why do the heathen (R. V., "the nations") rage?—referring to the Gentiles, those nations outside of, or alien to, Israel. After the dispersion at Babel, out of the seventy different progenitors of nations enumerated in Genesis 10, one was chosen to receive the Sacred Oracles; to preserve faith in the unity and spirituality of God; and to bring forth, in the fulness of time, the Redeemer and King, not only of His own people, but also of all earthly kingdoms. In Abraham and his seed all nations of the earth were to be blessed. The other races, lapsed into idolatry. They were aliens, heathen, Gentiles—turbulent, full of rage and enmity against the chosen seed, and opposed to the worship of the one true God. This had been their past history; and still in the present, as David's wars with the Philistines, Amalekites, Ammonites, etc., testified, they planned their impotent rage. "Rage" is in the perfect—"have raged;" while "imagine" is in the present, meaning to "meditate," or "scheme." A vain thing, both because they had no good reason for their hostility and because their assaults were aimed against Omnipotence.

2. Kings . . . set themselves . . . rulers take counsel.—In this verse we pass from the nations to their leaders who represent them. These direct, marshal, plan the campaign, and in the next verse, avow their purpose of rebellion. Against the Lord—Jehovah, a name which occurs three times in this Psalm; another word—"Adonai"—is used in the fourth verse, which means Sovereign, while Jehovah means the Self-Existent. Against His Anointed.—The Hebrew word is "Messiah," and the corresponding term in Greek is "Christus," whence comes the English word, "Christ." Anointing was a very ancient custom, and indicated that the person, or thing, on whom

the oil was poured, was set apart for sacred offices. Thus priests and kings were consecrated. We read, in Gen. 28:1; 35:14, that Jacob anointed the pillar at Bethel by pouring upon it the oil of his lamp. In the law of Moses, poetry, which matches things of like dignity or nature with another, that the "Anointed" here spoken of is not David, the anointed, but the Messiah Himself, the anointed Prophet, Priest, and King. See also Acts 4:24-28.

3. Break their bands . . . cast away their cords.—A metaphor drawn from restive animals, chafing under harness, or rebellious under the yoke; and yet His yoke is easy and His burden is light when willingly borne. This impudent determination to throw off restraint is precisely sin—in its very nature and essence; the heart lifting up itself against the perfectly reasonable authority and most righteous claims of the infinite God, the glorious Giver of every good. Against such a God rebellion is simply madness, not of insanity, but of supreme folly.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh.—The verse now changes from earth's tumults to heaven's tranquillity; from plotting kings and hostile subjects to the Eternal Sovereign, who, conscious of almighty power, looks down with derision upon their puny, ridiculous efforts. The language of this verse, which ascribes the natural emotions and behavior of a man under like circumstances, is also that which speaks of His eye, or His right hand, or His feet, of course, language of accommodation. We could not speak of Him at all unless we, so to speak, humanized Him. Elsewhere (in Proverbs) He is spoken of as laughing at the sinner's calamity and mocking when his fear comes—precisely as an earthly king might toward a persistently rebellious subject. We must be careful not to press these terms too literally. The righteous wrath of a holy God has nothing vindictive or revengeful in it.

5. Speak unto them . . . vex them.—The second sentence is more intensive than the first. "Vex" is stronger than "speak;" and "sore displeasure," expressed in the original by a word which means violent breathing or snorting, is more terrible than "wrath," which, in the original, is anger manifested by the redness of the face. Shall He speak.—They have spoken; it is now His turn.

6. Yet have I set my King.—The word "I" is emphatic, expressed by the Hebrew pronoun, and not simply by the verb. These kings have set themselves up; I, also, have set up my King, and He whom I set up will have all authority and power. "He is not a king, nor the king, but my King, One who is to reign for me, and in indissoluble union with me, so that His reigning is identical with mine" (Alexander). Upon my holy hill of Zion—a name which does not appear in sacred history until David's time. Even Jerusalem did not belong to the Jews until he, in the eighth year of his reign, wrested this hitherto inviolable fortress from the Jebusites (Josh. 15:63; 2 Sam. 5:7). On this holy hill, which included Mt. Moriah, was the site of the temple, and also David's palace. "Its loftiness and strength, its kingly and sacred character, made it the centre and heart of Jerusalem and of the religion and polity of Israel, the source of its hopes, joys and blessings; and as Jerusalem was the heart and centre of all the hopes of mankind, so Zion is described as 'the joy of all the earth'" (Wordsworth).

7. The scene changes. The Messiah Himself speaks. I will declare (R. V., "I will tell") the decree.—I will proclaim the unchangeable edict of high heaven relative to My sovereignty. The Lord—Jehovah. Thou art my Son.—Dr. Moll thus comments: "This word was spoken to Christ as a personal being, who already was in existence. The speaker wishes to make known (1) that He, and no one else, is the One to whom the appointment applies; (2) that He has not been made the Son by it for the first time, but declared to be the Son; (3) that this declaration was in time, and not in eternity, and has the meaning of an historical recognition." This day.—These words may be considered as referring only to the coronation of the Messiah, which was an ideal one. The recognition was repeated at the Savior's baptism and transfiguration (Matt. 3:17; 17:5) when a voice from heaven said, "This is My beloved Son," etc. Begotten.—St. John calls Him "the Only-Begotten of the Father."

8. Ask of me.—Even the Son must ask. Give thee the heathen (R. V., "the nations").—The Father, as Creator of all things, has the right to give inheritance, possession. He is made "heir of all things," and therefore has a right to "possess" the empire by spiritual conquest—the nations. Even here in the Psalm the calling of the Gentiles and their adoption are distinctly implied. Uttermost parts.—earth's remotest nation.

9. Thou shalt break, etc.—Referring to those who persist in their diabolical and defiance. Just as irresistibly as the image in Daniel's vision was smitten by the stone and pulverized, so they who hold out against the Savior's baptism and transfiguration (Matt. 3:17; 17:5) when a voice from heaven said, "This is My beloved Son," etc. Begotten.—St. John calls Him "the Only-Begotten of the Father."

10. Again the scene changes, and we have an exhortation or admonition. Be wise . . . be instructed.—These words express each other by their parallelism. The "kings" of the first part are the same as the "judges" of the second part. To be "wise" is to be "instructed"—to receive advice; to listen to reason and truth, and act accordingly. Now, therefore—considering what has been said—the proclamation of the Messiah.

11. Serve . . . rejoice.—Oriental ideas combined these two in all true allegiance. The most obedient and loyal subject was the most joyful both at heart and in his demeanor. Fear . . . trembling.—A solemn reverence will be felt by those who realize the holiness of the Saviour and the greatness of His salvation.

12. Kiss the Son.—Render Him the act of submission and homage (1 Sam. 10:1). Murphy translates these words as follows: "Kiss purely," not with the kiss of falsehood and treachery. Let him be angry.—"the wrath of the Lamb." Perish from the way.—R. V., "perish in the way." When his wrath is kindled but a little—R. V., "For his wrath will soon be kindled." Blessings.—Those who trust in Him are blessed now and hereafter; blessed in body and spirit; blessed as sons and heirs of God, with His love, and care, and joy, and home" (Peloubet).

### IV. Illustrative.

1. This Psalm is Messianic, for it speaks of the Anointed One who transcends all

earthly sovereigns; catholic, for it calls the Gentiles into the kingdom of the Messiah; and it announces happiness to all who trust in the Lord; and, finally, for it warns the rebels to make a timely submission. It celebrates the kingly office of the Messiah (Murphy).

2. I shall soon be in my grave. Such is the fate of great men. So it was with the Caesars and Alexanders. And I, too, am forgotten, and the Marengo conqueror is a college theme. My exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sits in judgment over me. I die before my time, and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, and be food for worms. Behold the destiny now at hand of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal glory of Christ, who is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and whose kingdom is extending over all the earth" (Napoleon I.).

3. A soul was struck by Diocletian, which still remains, bearing the inscription, "The name of Christians being extinguished." And in Spain two monumental pillars were raised, on one of which was written, "Diocletian, for having extended the Roman empire in the East and the West, and for having extinguished the name of Christians, who brought the republic to ruin," on the other, "Diocletian, for having everywhere abolished the name of Christians," etc. A modern writer has elegantly observed: "We have here a monument raised by Paganism over the grave of its vanquished foe; but in this the people imagined a vain thing. So far from being deified, Christianity was on the eve of its final and permanent triumph, and the stone grained a sepulchre as empty as any which Electra washed with her tears" (Spurgeon, quoted by Peloubet).

### The Conferences.

#### N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

##### Norwich District.

The Epworth League of Attitash held a very interesting meeting some time since. Revs. A. J. Conant and W. L. Ward gave addresses which pleased and benefited members and their friends. The public exercises were succeeded by a social, at which a collation was served. A large number of the members of the church and congregation recently called upon the pastor, Rev. H. H. Martin, and spent a delightful evening, leaving substantial evidences of the affection of the people for their pastor and his wife. Bro. Martin has been greatly afflicted this year in the death of his mother, and also in personal illness. This has been a good year in the work of the church. The Epworth League, which is but a recent institution in this church, has had a rapid growth, and now numbers about 70 members. Bro. Martin is closing his third year with this people. At the fourth quarterly conference a most pronounced expression indicated that his return for the fourth year is the desire of the church and community.

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